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# IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK

stories

the Voyage

Christmas

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# SIX SELECTIONS

FROM

# IRVING'S SKETCH-BOOK

WITH NOTES, QUESTIONS, ETC.

817.24

*FOR HOME AND SCHOOL USE*

BY

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# PREFACE.

THE compilers of this book, desiring to give practical help to teachers and pupils in beginning the study of English Literature, feel warranted by long experience in the schoolroom in offering certain suggestions.

The writer studied should become a friend, a companion; "for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader." The main facts of his life should be given; but the students should collect additional ones, and by means of them and of familiar talks by their teacher, there should be presented simply, but vividly, the man and the author.

The general intent and the particular meaning of the writer in the extracts studied should be made very clear: pupils should be encouraged to make criticisms, and to ask questions; they should be made to reproduce passages in fresh words, and to write out the story or tell it orally as briefly as possible. Words ought to be defined, sentences analyzed, obscure expressions simplified, and numerous questions asked to lead pupils to use the knowledge they already possess, and to search for other items that will make interesting the pieces selected for study.

Reading aloud will, of course, form a part of many exercises, and it is a most valuable test of a scholar's comprehension of any selection. The recitation of the finest passages will afford a pleasant variety in the work.

Too much is often expected of young students, and often too little may seem to be accomplished; but the habits formed will be of practical value in most other studies in school or college. To get the general meaning, to understand in detail, and to be able to present clearly to another mind what we have mastered, are always important as a discipline, and constitute a sure test of success.

To the liberal and enterprising publishing house (G. P. Putnam's Sons) whose name has been most honorably connected with the publication of Irving's works during the past thirty years, warm thanks are due for the courtesy with which they have accorded the privilege of issuing in the present form these six delightful Sketches. Every student should possess the complete volume containing Irving's thirty-two sketches by the same publishers.

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# CHRONOLOGY.

1783. April 3, Washington Irving was born in the city of New York.

1800. Began to study law.

1802. Contributions to *The Morning Chronicle*, signed Jonathan Oldstyle.

1804. Went to Europe.

1806. Returned to New York; was admitted to the bar.

1807. *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; joint production of Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, and William Irving.

1809. Matilda Hoffman, his betrothed, died. Her early death gave a tinge of seriousness to his whole life.

1809. *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker.* Sir Walter Scott was greatly delighted with this work.

1810. Admitted as a partner with two of his brothers in the commercial business which they carried on in New York and Liverpool.

1813–14. Edited *Analectic Magazine*, published in Philadelphia.

1815. Second visit to Europe.

1817. Thomas Campbell, the poet, gave Irving a letter of introduction to Scott at Abbotsford, who said of Irving, "He is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."

1818. Failure in business. Bankruptcy.

1819–20. *The Sketch-Book* was published in numbers in New York; collected and published in two volumes in London by John Murray, owing to the favorable representations of Walter Scott.

1822. *Bracebridge Hall.* The characters in the Christmas Sketches reappear in this book. Thomas Moore, the poet, suggested the idea to Irving.

1824. *Tales of a Traveller;* sold for 1500 guineas to Murray, without his having seen the manuscript.

1828. *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* While writing this book in Madrid, he met Mr. Longfellow, who had just been

appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College, and was studying in Europe to prepare himself for the work.

1829. *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.*

1830. The Royal Society of Literature bestowed upon him one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals, awarded annually.

1831. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

1831. *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus.*

1832. Returned to New York after seventeen years' absence. Public dinner in New York to "our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land."

1832. *The Alhambra.* Irving lived in the old Moorish palace between two and three months "in a kind of Oriental dream," he says. Many of his letters written at the time are dated, "Alhambra, Granada."

1834. Travelled in the West, in company with commissioners appointed by the United States Government to treat with the Indians.

1835. *A Tour on the Prairies. Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* (*Crayon Miscellany*).

1835. *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (*Crayon Miscellany*). Included in Spanish Papers, edited by Pierre M. Irving, after the author's death.

1835. Purchased a tract of land on the Hudson, on which was a small Dutch cottage, the Van Tassel house of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, afterwards known as Wolfert's Roost, and rechristened Sunnyside. The railroad station near it is now called Irvington, some twenty-five miles from New York.

1836. *Astoria:* an account of John Jacob Astor's settlement on the Columbia River, scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains, the fur-trade, etc.

1837. *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville.*

1842–46. Minister to Spain. Notified of his appointment by Daniel Webster.

1849. *Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography.*

1850. *Mahomet and his Successors.*

1855. *Wolfert's Roost.*

1855–59. *The Life of George Washington* (five volumes).

1859. November 28, Irving died at Sunnyside.

# IRVING ONE OF THE CHIEF FOUNDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

On the 19th of April, 1783, just eight years after the battle of Lexington, the commanding general of the American forces sent the joyful news of peace to his long-suffering army. On the third day of the same month, in the city of New York, the youngest of the eleven children of William and Sarah Irving was born. To the child was given the Christian name of Washington.

Before the time of Irving's first literary efforts the scholarly men of America, that is of the American colonies, were too busy with hard labor in subduing nature, resisting the rigorous acts of the English Parliament, and laying the foundations and rearing the walls of the new temple of liberty, to devote themselves in any special degree to literary culture. Born with the new Republic, and through the whole of his life an ardent lover of his country, it seems no stretch of the imagination to conceive that Irving was inspired from the beginning with the high resolve to add something to its glory, as well as to make for himself a name of renown.

The following brief outline will show that Irving, whom Thackeray styles "the first ambassador sent by the New World of Letters to the Old," preceded the authors whose works make it possible to use with certainty and pride the words, "American Literature": William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis* was published in the *North American Review* in 1816; but in 1831 he was unknown in England, and solicited Irving to use his influence to have a volume of his poems published in London. Richard Henry Dana was four years younger than Irving. He was the editor of the *North American Review;* his most celebrated poem, *The Buccaneer*, was published in 1827. James Fenimore Cooper was six years younger than Irving, and his first novels appeared in 1821. Longfellow and Hawthorne were in college when Irving was famous. Whittier's best poems were written after Irving's death. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born the year after Irving began to write for *The Morning Chronicle;* Oliver Wendell Holmes, the year of the publication of Irving's *History of New York;* and James Russell Lowell, the year *The Sketch-Book* was published.

## SOME QUESTIONS AND TOPICS SUITABLE FOR A FINAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

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WHEN and where was Irving born? Fix the date by an important historical event.

Give some account of his life in Europe.

What marked honors did he receive in England?

When was his fame as an author well established, both at home and abroad?

What distinguished British authors were his friends?

Name his chief works.

Who suggested the idea of *Bracebridge Hall?*

What books of his are truly American in subject?

Did Irving ever do any work besides book-making?

What distinguished American statesmen in his time?

Give the chief events in American history during the period of Irving's life; in English and French history.

Under what fictitious names did he write?

What was the name of his home? where was it?

Is there any appropriateness in the name, Geoffrey Crayon, as author of *The Sketch-Book?* Explain.

What idea of Irving as a man would be derived from reading his works?

What does the phrase "contemporary writers" mean?

Into what classes may we divide the sketches? Descriptive? humorous? pathetic? narrative? didactic? other?

Where is the scene of each sketch laid?

Name the chief characters in the sketches, connecting with each some appropriate qualifying word or phrase.

Which is your favorite sketch? Why?

Write briefly an outline of the story of *The Widow and Her Son.*

Sketch the character and personal appearance of Ichabod Crane.

Quote from the sketches, and state what there is that is striking in the passages quoted.

Name very humorous and very pathetic passages in the sketches.

Select a passage of fine description.

"He loved his daughter better even than his pipe." Quoted from what? Is it humorous or matter of fact? Why?

Define the following words: *cloisters, monastic, key-stones, effigies, obliterated, edifice, parsimony.*

What is a sentence?

Of what parts does every sentence consist?

Analyze the last sentence in *The Widow and Her Son.*

# SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.*

THE following suggestions by the Board of School Supervisors in Boston will be found exceedingly helpful to many teachers: —

During the short time given to English Literature in the High Schools, few authors can be studied, and only selections from their works can be critically read. The main purpose, then, of this brief course of study should be to form and cultivate a taste for good literature, to encourage careful and systematic reading, and to illustrate the principles which should guide in selecting authors and works to be read after leaving school. It should be the purpose of the teacher, while keeping the exercises in literature from becoming either mere tasks or pastimes, to make the lessons so interesting that they will be eagerly and vigorously studied, and will inspire a desire for a larger acquaintance with the best authors. This purpose, it is believed, can be accomplished, partly by leading the pupils to perceive the real intent of the author, his thoughts and feelings, the strength of his argument, the beauty and nobleness of his sentiment, and his clear, distinct, forcible, and happy expression; partly by giving a vivid account of his life and times and their influence on each other, and by exciting an interest in the lives of his most eminent literary contemporaries. Thus, by association and comparison, the study of a single author may be an introduction and an incentive to the study of the literature of his period.

While neither the thought nor expression should be slighted at any time during the study of the selections, more attention should, perhaps, be given to the thought the first year, and to the expression the second year. During the third year, the selections should be used not merely for exercises in the meaning, derivation, and use of words, or for enlarging the understanding or improving the taste; they should also be

* See page 157.

studied as specimens of literature, and should illustrate the intellect, the taste, and the genius of their authors.

. . . . . .

At the outset, the *whole* of a poem, sketch, essay, or novel should be read by the pupils, either at home or at school. Having formed a general conception of the production, they should study carefully and read intelligently with their teacher those *parts* of it that are most interesting and instructive, and that represent the genius and style of the author.

To the foregoing may be added the following, by the same judicious authorities: —

After the teacher has called attention to a few points in the life, times, and character of an author, the class should take some *narrative* or *descriptive* piece and read it aloud, special attention being given to reading it in such a manner as to express clearly the thought, with such modifications of the voice as the sentiment requires. This should be accompanied by such a running commentary by the teacher as will enable the pupils to understand the story, if it is a narrative, or to form a mental picture of the scene described. The commentary should not, however, be such as to interfere with the interest of the story or description; but simply what is necessary to a general understanding of the piece. It will often require an explanation of many words that are but vaguely understood by the pupils, and attention to such constructions as require elucidation. This having been done, it will be an excellent practice for the pupils to *tell*, orally, what they have read in their own language. This may be made a class exercise by having one pupil begin and others follow, each taking it up where his predecessor left off.

Let each pupil then write an abstract of it. The reading of the piece and the oral abstract which has been given will have secured such a knowledge of it that the pupils will be likely to express themselves with a clearness which can come only from a full and exact understanding of the author.

Having carefully read the narrative or description, some parts of it may be taken and subjected to such an analysis as will show the relations of the clauses, phrases, and words to each other. It may be well, too, if the pupils are sufficiently advanced, to show something of the

relations of logic — the grammar of thought — to grammar, which has to do with words, phrases, and clauses.

This will involve a knowledge of the parts of speech, the inflections, and the principles of syntax, — and should therefore be preceded by some review of what the pupils may be supposed to have learned previously.

After this the attention may be directed more especially to subordinate matters, — to allusions, suggestions, manners, customs, historical references, and the like. If the selection is poetry, call attention to the metrical structure, which will involve the necessity, perhaps, of some study of prosody.

The most common rhetorical figures may be learned, — as simile, metaphor, synecdoche, and metonymy, and the selection examined with reference to their use.

Then, the words may be examined with reference to their origin, derivation, and formation. This, of course, will necessitate the use of an etymological dictionary, and a knowledge of the common prefixes and suffixes.

The pupils will then be able to understand what is meant by *purity* of style, and to apply their knowledge in examining this and other selections. The habit, too, which the pupils have formed of seeing the exact meaning of words, and the force of particular constructions, will aid them in writing *clearly*.

Then may follow an exercise involving all that has been done; viz., an exercise in *criticism*, or an estimate of the merits and faults of the selection.

If it is a narrative or a description, does it give us a distinct and consistent conception of the story told, or the object described, as a whole? Or is there something wanting, or but vaguely hinted at, which is necessary to a perfect understanding of the author? A careful examination in these regards will determine its quality with regard to *completeness*.

Is there *more* than is necessary to give such a conception, — something not so intimately connected with the subject as to render the conception more vivid and well defined, but rather to confuse? On the answer to this will depend its *unity*.

Then may follow an examination of the style. Are the words such as are sanctioned by "good use"?

Are the words well chosen to express the exact ideas of the author?

Is the construction of the sentences in accordance with the idiom and

syntax of the language? This, of course, will involve some knowledge of barbarism, impropriety, and solecism.

How much of the preceding should be done in the several classes will depend on the pupils' power of appreciation, and the time devoted to the study.

Probably the Junior class will be glad to take another selection after having obtained such a knowledge of it as to be able to write a good abstract, to analyze some of the most difficult sentences, and give the grammatical inflections and relation of some of the principal words, — with some, but not a wearisome, attention to allusions, historical suggestions, etc.

The Middle class will be able, in addition to this, to subject the selection to such an examination as will involve some knowledge of rhetoric.

The Senior class may give some attention to each of the parts enumerated, with special attention to criticism.

But such study will not give pupils facility and accuracy in composition without *much practice* in writing.

We learn to skate by skating, and to write by writing. There is no other way. — *Boston School Document, No.* 29, 1877.

(See page 157.)

# THE SKETCH-BOOK.

## THE VOYAGE.

"Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What 's your end and aim.
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?"

*Old Poem.*

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage[1] he has to make is an excellent preparative.[2] The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres[3] is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country

[1] **Voyage** (Fr. *voyager*, to travel; *voyage*, a journey; Lat. *via*, a way), formerly a passage, journey, or travel by sea or by land; hence Irving says a wide *sea* voyage. It is now limited to travel by sea.

[2] **Preparative,** that which prepares; a preparation.

[3] **Hemispheres.** What meridian is the boundary line between the eastern and western hemispheres? See the atlases.

blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain"[1] at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken: we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes, — a gulf subject to tempest and fear and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon,[2] it seemed as if I had closed one

[1] **A lengthening chain.** "And drags at each remove a lengthening chain." Goldsmith's *Traveller*, line 10. This expression is explained in the following passage from Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World:* "The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force; those ties that bind me to my native country and you, are still unbroken. By every move I only drag a greater length of chain."

[2] **Horizon** (Gr. ὅρος, *horos*, a boundary), the circular line which bounds the view of the sky and earth, or of the sky and water, caused by the apparent meeting of the two.

volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life, — what vicissitudes[1] might occur in it, what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents[2] of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries,[3] a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing,[4] or climb to the maintop,[5] of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden

[1] **Vicissitudes** (Lat. *vicis*, a turn, a change; *vicissitudo*, a succeeding in turns), revolutions, mutations.

[2] **Driven by the uncertain currents.** Do currents drive one? Is 'drive' the best word?

[3] **Reveries.** "When ideas float in our minds without any reflection or regard of the understanding, it is that which the French call *resverie* (*rêverie*); our language has scarce a name for it." *Locke.* (Fr. *rêver*, to dream.)

[4] **Quarter-railing.** The railing reaching from the taffrail to the gangway, and serving as a fence to the quarter-deck (the quarter-deck being that portion of the uppermost deck between the mainmast and mizzenmast, or between the mainmast and the stern).

[5] **Maintop.** The top of the mainmast of a ship.

clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols,[1] — shoals of porpoises[2] tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure[3] up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me, — of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys, of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms[4] that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner

[1] **Gambols.** "The radical image is that of a sudden and rapid movement to and fro, jumping, springing," for sport. *Wedgwood.* **Shoals.** The radical meaning seems to be a clump or mass. *Wedgwood.* (Dutch *school*, a shoal of fishes.)

[2] **Porpoises** (Lat. *porcus*, hog; *piscis*, fish), hogfishes. **Grampus** (Lat. *grandis*, large, and *piscis*, fish; or perhaps, *crassus*, fat, big, and *piscis*, fish). The grampus is sometimes 25 feet in length.

[3] **Conjure** (kŭn′jur), to summon by enchantment. Conjūre′ means to swear together, to conspire by oath.

[4] **Phantasms** (Gr. *phantasma*, appearance), apparitions.

triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried[1] some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony[2] of the surrounding expanse[3] attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar,[4] to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted[5] at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over, —

[1] **Descried** ("To make an outcry on discovering something for which one is on the watch; then simply to discover." *Wedgwood*), discerned at a distance. Notice the old spelling of this word and of *fancy*, in the stanza at the beginning of the sketch.

[2] **Monotony** (Gr. *μόνος*, single; *τόνος*, note, tone), sameness, want of variety.

[3] **Expanse** (Lat. *ex*, out; *pansum*, opened, spread), a surface widely outspread.

[4] **Spar.** In nautical phrase, a long beam, a mast, yard, boom.

[5] **Flaunted.** To flaunt is properly to wave to and fro in the wind, to move about in a showy manner so as to be seen like a banner in the wind.

they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest, — their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored [1] over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, — anxiety into dread, — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more"!

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland,[2] one of those

[1] **Pored.** To pore is to look close and long, to read or examine with steady or continued attention.

[2] **Banks of Newfoundland.** These banks form one of the most extensive submarine elevations on the globe. They are between 600

heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks,[1] which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking[2] breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!'—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships.[3] The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was

and 700 miles in length, with a depth of water varying from 10 to 160 fathoms. The famous Grand Bank swarms with cod and almost every other variety of fish.

[1] **Fishing-smacks,** small vessels, usually sloop-rigged, used in the fisheries.

[2] **Smacking,** making a sharp, lively sound.

[3] **Amidships** (nautical). In the middle of a ship; halfway between the stem and the stern.

some time before we could put the ship about,[1] she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors ; but all was silent, — we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning, which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water : her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending[2] surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the

[1] **Put the ship about.** Change her course by tacking.

[2] **Impending** (from Lat. *in*, on, upon, over, and *pendere*, to hang), hanging over, threatening.

rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulkheads,[1] as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging[2] round this floating prison, seeking for his prey; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant, she appears,—how she seems to lord it over[3] the deep!

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie,—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of

[1] **Bulkheads,** board partitions making water-tight compartments in a ship.

[2] **Death were raging,** etc. Personification (from personify, Lat. *persona*, a person, and *facere*, to make). It consists in representing inanimate objects or abstract notions as endued with life and action like a person, or possessing the qualities of living beings.

[3] **Lord it over.** To act as a lord, to rule despotically.

Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds, — all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey,[1] I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grassplots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey[2] overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill, — all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whis-

[1] **Mersey** (mir′zee), a river in England. It expands into a large estuary or arm of the Irish Sea, forming Liverpool harbor. **Reconnoitred** (Lat. *recognoscĕre*, to take notice of again; Fr. *reconnaître*, to recognize), examined carefully.

[2] **Abbey** (Fr. *abbaye;* from Syriac *abba*, father), a monastery or similar building for persons of either sex, governed by an abbot or abbess.

tling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice her eye darted on his features; it read, at once, a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle, — the meetings of acquaintances, the greetings of friends, the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive.

I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

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## SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

What is the gulf that a voyage interposes between us and our homes? What words describe it?

"Whither he may be driven" (page 3). Why is *whither* better than *where?* Which of them means *to* what place? Which of them means *at* or *in* what place?

"I said that at sea all is vacancy" (page 3). Quote any previous passage containing this idea.

What were some of the amusements of the voyage? Day-dreaming? Looking down "on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols"? Watching a distant sail? Contemplating the object seen at a distance, the mast of a wrecked ship? Story-telling? Any other?

"Expectation, anxiety, dread, despair" (page 6). Which expresses the strongest feeling? How are the words arranged? Define a climax.

What "has brought the ends of the earth into communion"? How?

Narrate in your own words the captain's story. Point out the most pathetic expressions in it.

What does Irving say of the ship during the storm?

Explain "how she seems to lord it over the deep!" Contrast that with the description of her course during the storm.

What were objects of interest as the ship approached the shore?

At what point did they land?

Describe the crowd on the pier.

Who was the most important person there?

What pathetic incident is told?

"I stepped upon the land of my forefathers." Who? Why land of my *forefathers?*

Express the idea of the last sentence in other words.

Select nautical words or phrases in this sketch.

Was the voyage made in a steamer or in a sailing vessel? Give reasons for the answer.

What is the general character of this sketch? Description?

Commit to memory the paragraph beginning, "We one day descried some shapeless object," etc.

Select and commit to memory any other passage in the piece. Give your reason for your selection.

What is the simple subject in the first sentence in this sketch? The entire subject?

## GUIDE FOR ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES.

How many clauses?

Kinds? (Dependent and independent, stating the number of each.)

State the kind of each dependent clause, and tell what each modifies. (Dependent clauses are equivalent to some part of speech; hence we have Noun clauses, Adjective clauses, and Adverbial clauses.)

Simple subject?

Modifiers of the subject?

Entire subject?

Simple predicate?

Modifiers of the predicate?

Entire predicate?

Analyze clauses not already analyzed.

# WESTMINSTER[1] ABBEY.

"When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brasse or stoney monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenselesse majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie."

CHRISTOLERO'S *Epigrams*, by T. B. 1598.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mourn-

[1] **Minster** (A.-S. *minstre* or *mynster;* Low Lat. *monasterium*). In Germany and in England this title is given to several large cathedrals or cathedral churches; as, York Minster, the Minster of Strasburg, etc. It is also found in the names of places which owe their origin to a monastery; as, Westminster, the minster or monastery of the West. Westminster is a city and borough, and forms the west portion of London. **Westminster Abbey** is in the form of a Latin cross; it is 511 feet long by 203 wide across the transepts. For the word *abbey* see p. 10, note 2,

ful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School,[1] through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean[2] look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters,[3] with the figure of an old verger,[4] in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic[5] remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days.

[1] **Westminster School** was founded by Queen Elizabeth. It retains the old dormitory of the abbey, and the old refectory of the abbot is now used as the Hall of the whole establishment. There is a "foundation" for forty boys, who are called "Queen's Scholars." Many distinguished men have been pupils there; among them, Ben Jonson.

[2] **Subterranean** (from Lat. *sub*, under, and *terra*, the earth), under the surface of the earth, underground.

[3] **Cloisters** (Fr. *cloître;* A.-S. *claustr;* Lat. *claustrum*, an inclosed place, from Lat. *claudere*, to shut or shut in), covered passages extending around the inner walls of monasteries; the monks had their lectures in them. Similar rooms elsewhere are sometimes called cloisters.

[4] **Verger** (Fr. *verge*, a rod, from Lat. *virga*, a rod), an officer who carries a *wand* before a judge as an emblem of authority; also an attendant upon a church dignitary, as upon a bishop; also a pew-opener, or attendant in a church.

[5] **Monastic,** pertaining to a monastery (a house of religious seclusion for monks or sometimes for nuns) or to its inmates.

The gray walls are discolored by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural[1] monuments, and obscured the death's-heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies[2] of three of the early abbots: the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt

[1] **Mural**, pertaining to a wall. (Lat. *murus*, wall.)

[2] **Effigies** (Lat. *effigies*, an image; Lat. *e* or *ex*, out, forth, and *fingĕre*, to fashion). An effigy is commonly the head, bust, or full-length portrait in sculpture, etc.

been renewed in later times (Vitalis . Abbas . 1082, and Gislebertus . Crispinus . Abbas . 1114, and Laurentius . Abbas . 1176).[1] I remained some little while, musing over these casual[2] relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress[3] to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults[4] of the cloisters. The eyes

[1] **Vitalis . Abbas . 1082**, etc. In Vitalis's time the first history of the abbey was written by one of his monks. Gislebert was the author of various scholastic treatises. Lawrence procured from the Pope the canonization of the Confessor.

[2] **Casual** (Lat. *casus*, a fall; fr. *cadĕre*, to fall, to happen), accidental.

[3] **Buttress** (Fr. *bouter*, to thrust, or *aboutir*, to border on, to abut), a structure of masonry or brickwork, built to resist the horizontal thrust or pressure of another structure, as of a wall. Buttresses are much used in Gothic architecture.

[4] **Vaults** (Ital. *volta*, a turn; Lat. *volvĕre*, to roll). In *architecture*, an arched ceiling or roof.

gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes[1] a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled[2] in the dust; what parsimony[3] is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual

[1] **Provoke** (Lat. *pro*, forth, and *vocare*, to call), to call out, to cause, to occasion.

[2] **Jostled** (Fr. *jouster*, to knock). To jostle is properly to thrust or push with the elbows.

[3] **Parsimony** (Lat. *parcĕre*, to spare; *parsimonia*, or *parcimonia*, sparingness, frugality). The word usually denotes an *excess* of frugality, niggardliness, stinginess.

notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poets' Corner,[1] which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare[2] and Addison[3] have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions,[4] and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever

[1] **Poets' Corner.** This is said to have derived its name from the fact that the *poet* Chaucer was the first literary man buried there. Some authors not buried in the abbey have monuments in it.

[2] **Shakespeare.** Born 1564; died 1616.

[3] **Joseph Addison.** 1672–1719. His reputation rests principally upon his numerous *Essays*, written for the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*.

[4] **Medallions,** circular tablets on which figures are embossed. They resemble medals. (Fr. *medaille;* Ital. *medaglia;* a coin of half a certain value, from Lat. *medietas*, half, from *medius*, in the middle of.)

new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poets' Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together: warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers[1] and mitres; and nobles

[1] **Crosier,** a gilded staff surmounted by a cross. (Fr. *croce*, *crosse*, a bishop's staff; Ital. *croccia*, from Mediæval Lat. *crucea*, a cross-shaped crutch, from Lat. *crux*, cross.) **Mitre,** an ornament for the head worn by the pope and cardinals, also by Protestant archbishops and bishops on solemn occasions; a kind of Episcopal crown, resembling a pointed cap and cleft at the top. (Gr. *mitra*, a fillet round the head, a chaplet, turban.) **Coronet** (Lat. *corona*, crown; diminutive *coronetta*, little crown), an inferior crown worn by noblemen.

in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city[1] where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler[2] was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion[3]; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader,[4] — of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting

[1] **That fabled city.** In the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, Sixty-fifth Night, we find the following: "On the last day of that year, at four o'clock in the morning, all the inhabitants were changed in an instant into stone, every one in the condition and posture he happened to be in."

[2] **Buckler,** a shield. (From Fr. *boucle*, a buckle or *protuberance*, such as on the boss of a shield.)

[3] **Morion,** a kind of helmet. (Perhaps from Fr. *More*, a Moor; Lat. *Maurus*, Moor; Dutch *Mooriaan* is a Moor.)

[4] **Crusader** (from Lat. *crux*, *crucis*, a cross), one employed in a crusade or military expedition, undertaken by the Christians, to recover the Holy Land, the scene of our Saviour's life and sufferings, from the power of the infidels or Mohammedans. The first was in 1096, the last in 1270. A cross of red stuff attached to the right shoulder was the badge of the combatants. Sometimes the color of the cross served to designate the nationality of the soldier; as, the white cross on a red ground indicated France; a red cross on a white ground, England. The principal crusades were six in number. They were enormously destructive of human life, yet not without compensation.

link between fact and fiction, between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic[1] sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by, of beings passed from recollection, of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier

[1] **Gothic,** pertaining to the Goths. In *architecture*, a term at first applied with contempt to the European architecture of the Middle Ages; its chief characteristic being the predominance of the pointed arch. **Armorial bearings,** devices on shields.

consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage than one which affirms of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poets' Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art, but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale,[1] by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering[2] yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tender-

[1] **Tomb of Mrs. Nightingale.** The author's description is very vivid and accurate. This monument was erected in 1758 to commemorate the premature death of Lady Elizabeth Shirley, wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale. A tradition of the abbey says that a robber, coming into the abbey by moonlight, was so frightened by the figure of Death, "a sheeted skeleton," that he fled in terror, and left his crowbar on the pavement. **Roubillac, L. F.** He was an eminent French sculptor, born in Lyons. He visited England, where he made monuments and statues. He died in 1762.

[2] **Gibbering** (akin to *gabble* and *jabber*). It represents, by a sort of imitation, the sound of rapid talking without reference to meaning. Pronounced *gibbering*, with *g* hard; not *jibbering*.

ness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear, — the rumbling of the passing equipage,[1] the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around : and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away ; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent ; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers ; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices,[2] crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel.[3] A flight of steps lead up to it, through a

[1] **Equipage** (Fr. *équiper*, to attire, provide with appropriate furniture, equip ; akin to A.-S. *sceapan*, *scyppan*, to form ; Ger. *schaffen*, to shape, provide, furnish), retinue, attendance, as the carriage, horses, and liveries of a person of rank or fortune.

[2] **Surplices** (Fr. *surplis*, Old Fr. *surpelis*, from *super-pellicium*, an over-garment), linen gowns worn over the other garments of an ecclesiastic.

[3] **Henry the Seventh's chapel.** The chapel is entered by twelve steps ; the gates are of oak, with profuse brass and gilt ornamentation. It consists of a nave, two aisles, and five smaller chapels at the east

deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusted with tracery,[1] and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof[2] achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath,[3] richly carved of oak, though

end, and is, in fact, a continuation of the choir of the abbey itself. This chapel is in striking contrast with the king's closeness and prudence in life.

[1] **Tracery,** the ornamental stonework in the upper part of Gothic windows; also similar decorations in Gothic architecture on panelings, ceilings, etc. **Niches,** recesses in walls for statues, vases, and other upright ornaments.

[2] **Fretted roof** (Old Fr. *frêter*, to cross, interlace), a roof ornamented by bands, bars, or fillets, crossing each other in different patterns. In Milton's *Paradise Lost* we have, "The roof was fretted gold."

[3] **Knights of the Bath.** In the early coronations it was the practice of the sovereigns before the ceremony to create a number of knights; and as one of the most striking features of their admission was a bath on the vigils of their knighthood in token of the cleanliness and purity of their future lives, they were called Knights of the Bath. This name first appears in the time of Henry IV. Since 1839 no banners have been added to those already hung in the chapel.

with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned[1] with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum[2] stands the sepulchre of its founder, — his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must, sooner or later, terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land, glittering with the splendor of jewelled rank and military array, alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence

[1] **Emblazoned**, painted or portrayed in proper colors or figures.

[2] **Mausoleum** (pronounced *Mau-sol-ē'-um;* from Mausolus, King of Caria, whose widow, B.C. 353, erected a splendid monument at Halicarnassus to the memory of her husband), a magnificent tomb or sepulchral monument.

of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes[1] and pendants, — sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world ; some tossing upon distant seas, some under arms in distant lands, some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets ; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors, — the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth[2] ; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary.[3] Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where

[1] **Friezes.** The *frieze* in architecture is that part of the entablature below the cornice but above the architrave or chief beam resting on the top of the column.

[2] **Elizabeth,** Queen of England, reigned from 1558 to 1603.

[3] **Mary,** Queen of Scots, born 1542, executed 1587. She was the daughter of James V. of Scotland. For her biography consult the histories and the cyclopædias.

Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem, — the thistle.[1] I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir;[2] these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

> "For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel, — nothing 's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust, and an endless darkness."

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ[3] burst

[1] **The thistle** is the emblem of Scotland. **Weary with wandering.** What is alliteration?

[2] **Responses of the choir.** In the English church the congregation answer the minister, as in the litany or the psalms, by reading alternate petitions or verses. When the service is performed in the most ceremonious and impressive manner, as in Westminster Abbey, the responses are chanted by the choir, composed of men and boys.

[3] **The deep-laboring organ.** This is a remarkable piece of description; the words are so skillfully selected and combined that the passage almost reproduces in sound the music itself.

upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful, — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, — it is rising from the earth to heaven, — the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire; the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I

descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor,[1] and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funereal trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation,[2] rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongru-

[1] **Edward the Confessor** (King of England from 1041 to 1065), founder of the abbey.

[2] **Chair of coronation.** The oak coronation-chair was made by order of Edward I., and in it was inclosed the stone of Scone, brought by him from Scotland. A legend identified this stone as the pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel (*Genesis*, xxviii. 11). After many wanderings it was deposited in the Abbey of Scone, and the kings of Scotland sat on it during the ceremony of being crowned. Edward I. intended to present this stone, as a trophy of his conquest of Scotland, to Edward the Confessor's Shrine. In this oak chair all the English sovereigns since Edward the First's time have sat to be crowned. Cromwell was formally made Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, and for this ceremony the coronation-chair was used. This is said to have been the only time it was ever carried out of the abbey.

ous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth[1] lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult, — all more or less outraged and dishonored!

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light;

[1] **Henry the Fifth**, King of England from 1413 to 1422.

the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave ; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death,[1] — his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir

[1] **The empire of Death.** What is personification?

Thomas Browne,[1] "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, — what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs[2] but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great[3] have been scattered to the winds, and his empty sarcophagus[4] is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies,[5]

[1] **Sir Thomas Browne, M. D.,** was a merchant's son, born in London in 1605; was knighted by Charles II. in 1671; died in 1682. The *Religio Medici* (The Religion of a Physician) was his first and most remarkable work. Dr. Johnson says of him, "There is scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with success."

[2] **Epitaph** (Gr. *ἐπί*, upon; *τάφος*, tomb), an inscription on a monument in honor or memory of the dead.

[3] **Alexander the Great.** He was the son of Philip of Macedon; conquered Greece, and finally made himself master of the known world: he died B.C. 324. A stone coffin in the British Museum, found at Alexandria, was fancied by Dr. Clark, the traveller, to be the identical sarcophagus that once contained the body of Alexander.

[4] **Sarcophagus** (Gr. *σαρκοφάγος*, from *σάρξ*, *sarx*, flesh, and *φαγεῖν*, *phagein*, to eat; from a notion that the stone consumed in a few weeks the flesh of bodies deposited in it), a stone coffin or tomb.

[5] **Mummies.** A dead body embalmed and dried after the Egyptian manner. One of the simplest processes was drying by the use of salt or natron, and wrapping in coarse cloth. The bodies of the rich underwent the most complicated operations; perfumes were put into the body, it was covered with natron and steeped in it for seventy days; after this it was washed, steeped in balsam, and wrapped up in linen bandages, sometimes to the number of twenty thicknesses. Various

which Cambyses[1] or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim[2] cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What, then, is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower, — when the garish[3] sunbeams shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin!

ornaments were placed above the bandages, particularly about the head. Mummies were formerly much used in medicine on account of the balsam they contain. Hence "avarice now consumeth" the mummies which the conquerors of Egypt or "time hath spared." The bodies of great kings may enrich the maker of patent medicine!

[1] **Cambyses,** King of Persia, conquered Egypt B.C. 525.

[2] **Mizraim.** The first mortal king of Mizraim, "the double land," is said to have been Menes. He inherited Upper Egypt, and made himself master of Lower Egypt. Menes may be considered the founder of the empire. The word Mizraim *here* seems to mean the oldest kings or nobles of Egypt. See *Genesis*, x. 6. **Pharaoh.** The title of Pharaoh was like that of Czar or Sultan, and given to a series of different dynasties in Egypt.

[3] **Garish,** glaring, staring.

## SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

Where is Westminster Abbey?

How is the word *minster* used?

Who was the founder of the abbey? Edward the Confessor?

What tradition influenced in selecting the site?

When did the abbey lose its conventual character? Why?

At what season of the year did Irving visit the abbey?

Is there any fact or description in the sketch that shows the age of the building?

What were the author's thoughts as he passed from the cloisters into the abbey?

Where do visitors linger longest? Why?

What epitaph does Irving notice? What criticism does he make on it?

What does he think of Mrs. Nightingale's monument?

"Beating against the very walls of the sepulchre." What is the sepulchre? Why so called?

Describe the walls and roof of Henry the Seventh's chapel.

Where is Henry the Seventh's tomb? Define *mausoleum*.

"Sure signs of solitariness and desertion." What are the signs? Why are they signs of solitariness and desertion?

Does Irving favor Mary or Elizabeth in what he says? Give a reason for your answer.

Commit to memory the description of the music of the organ.

Who was Edward the Confessor?

"It was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre." Explain.

What lesson do these "incongruous mementos" teach?

What time of the day was it when Irving left the abbey?

"*It* is indeed the empire of Death." What is the empire of Death?

"Columns, arches, pyramids, — what are they but *heaps of sand*, and their epitaphs but characters *written in the dust?*" Explain with special reference to the italicized words.

Make short, pointed quotations from this sketch.

Give the substance of the last paragraph in fresh words.

What is the general character of this sketch? Description? Reason for your answer?

# THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

## FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

*Castle of Indolence.*[1]

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee,[2] and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas[3] when they crossed, there lies a small market town, or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and

[1] **Castle of Indolence.** A celebrated poem, published in 1748, by James Thomson, who wrote also *The Seasons.* Born in 1700; died 1748.

[2] **Tappan Zee.** This is ten miles long and four wide. (*Zee* = sea.)

[3] **St. Nicholas.** The original St. Nicholas was bishop of Myra in Lycia. On a voyage to Palestine, it is said, a sailor was drowned, and St. Nicholas restored him to life. A dangerous storm occurred, and the sailors besought him to save them; he prayed, and the storm ceased. He is identified with the Dutch Santa Claus, and is the patron saint of children, sailors, travelers, and merchants, also of the Russian nation. St. Nicholas is very often invoked and alluded to in Irving's humorous *History of New York* (see Book II., Chapters 2 and 5; Book VI., Chapters 4, 8, and 9).

properly known by the name of Tarry Town.[1] This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated[2] by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

[1] **Tarry Town** is twenty-seven miles from New York.

[2] **Reverberated** (Lat. *re*, back, again; *verberare*, to lash, strike; from *verber*, a lash), driven back, returned. **If ever I should wish for a retreat,** etc. This desire was gratified literally, when Irving was owner of Sunnyside.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows[1] there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.[2] Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare,[3] with her whole

[1] **Powwows.** A powwow was a meeting held with incantations before a hunt, a council, a warlike expedition, etc., at which there were feasting, dancing, and great noise and confusion.

[2] **Hendrick Hudson.** The distinguished navigator after whom Hudson's Bay, Hudson's Straits, and the Hudson River were named. He discovered the river in his second great voyage, while seeking to find a northwest passage to China and India.

[3] **The nightmare, with her whole nine fold, etc.** Nightmare is derived from Icelandic *mara*, a nightmare; akin to Polish *mara*, vision,

nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.[1]

The dominant[2] spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian[3] trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country-folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and

dream; perhaps Lat. *lemures*, troublesome nocturnal ghosts. The nightmare was supposed to seize men in their sleep, and take away their speech and power to move.

> "Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
> He met the nightmare and her nine fold,
> Bid her alight,
> And her troth plight,
> And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee."
>
> *King Lear*, Act III., Sc. 4.

[1] **Gambols,** sportful leapings. See note on this word in *The Voyage*, p. 4.

[2] **Dominant** (Lat. *dominare*, to rule; from *dominus*, master), prevailing, ruling.

[3] **Hessian.** In 1776 the British government hired of petty German princes about 16,000 troops. They were called Hessians, because most of them belonged to Hesse-Cassel, a province of Western Germany.

collating[1] the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport[2] of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one[3] who resides there for a time. However wide-awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud;[4]

[1] **Collating** (Lat. *conferre*, *collatum*, to bring together), laying together and comparing, by examining the points in which two or more things of a similar kind agree or disagree. The word is applied particularly to passages in manuscripts and books.

[2] **Purport** (Old Fr. *pourporter*, declare, make known; Lat. *pro*, forth, and *portare*, to carry), design, tendency, meaning, import.

[3] **Every one . . . they.** Is this an error in the number of the pronoun?

[4] **Laud** (Lat. *laus*, *laudis*, praise), praise, commendation.

for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration[1] and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating[2] in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since,[3] a worthy wight[4] of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pio-

[1] **Migration** (Lat. *migrare*, to quit or leave a place), change of residence, removal.

[2] **Vegetating**, living like vegetables or plants. The word is peculiarly appropriate to human life in Sleepy Hollow.

[3] **Remote period . . . some thirty years since.** Notice the seeming contradiction. To Irving's quiet humor thirty years is a long period in our fast American life.

[4] **Wight** (akin to *whit*, a small part), a creature, person, being. The word is nearly obsolete, except in slight contempt or irony.

neers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen[1] of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose,[2] so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe[3] twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van

[1] **Cogno'men** (Lat. *con*, with; *nomen*, name), the last of the three names which belonged to all Romans of good family; surname.

[2] **Snipe nose.** The snipe is a small bird with a very long bill.

[3] **Withe,** a band consisting of a twig or twigs twisted, used for tying or binding.

Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot.[1] The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable[2] birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive ; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command ; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects ; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced[3] at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence ; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch ur-

[1] **Eelpot**, a basket-like trap for catching eels.

[2] **Formidable** (Lat. *formido*, dread), exciting great fear, calculated to inspire dread. The succeeding lines show the appropriateness of the epithet : "Spare the rod," etc., from *Hudibras*, by Samuel Butler, 1612–1680. Cf. "He that spareth his rod hateth his son." *Proverbs*, xiii. 24.

[3] **Winced** (akin to *wink*), made a sudden shrinking movement.

chin,[1] who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard.[2] Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers[3] of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

[1] **Urchin** (Lat. *ericius*, hedgehog; the urchin figures extensively in witchcraft and demonology, and the word sometimes stands for a mischievous spirit), roguish boy.

[2] **Comforts of the cupboard.** The description of the tea table at Van Tassel's on a subsequent page fully explains this expression.

[3] **Dilating powers,** etc. The anaconda is noted for swallowing large animals.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating.[1] He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom[2] so magnanimously[3] the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations,[4] he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in

[1] **Ingratiating** (Lat. *in*, in, and *gratia*, favor), commending oneself to the favor of another; insinuating.

[2] **Whilom** (A.-S. *hwilum*, sometime, at times), formerly, of old. **The lion bold**, etc. In the *New England Primer* there is a queer illuminated alphabet; each letter is the initial of the principal word in a rude couplet. A lion whose paw rests protectingly on a lamb, by the aid of the following lines points out the letter *L*: —

"The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold."

[3] **Magnanimously** (Lat. *magnus*, great; *animus*, soul; *-ly*, like), like a great soul.

[4] **Vocations** (Lat. *vocāre*, to call), calling, trade, business, occupation.

psalmody.[1] It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers ; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm [2] from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation ; and there are peculiar quavers [3] still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," [4] the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to

[1] **Psalmody,** psalm-singing.

[2] **Carried away the palm.** Wreaths or branches of palm were worn in token of victory ; hence the word signifies victory, triumph. The expression here means that Ichabod surpassed the parson in importance and excellence.

[3] **Quavers,** shakings or tremblings of the voice in singing. Their nasal character is forcibly described by the phrase "descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane"!

[4] **By hook and by crook,** by any means direct or indirect. It is sometimes said that this proverb owes its origin to a place called the Crook in Waterford Harbor, Ireland, over against the tower of the Hook. It is safe to land on one side when the wind drives from the other.

the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson.[1] His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary [2] dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays ! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees ; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering,[3] with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond ; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition,

[1] See Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, where the parson and the schoolmaster are the principal characters.

[2] **Supernumerary** (Lat. *super*, over; *numĕrus*, number), extra, in addition to the usual or needful number.

[3] **Sauntering**, wandering about idly. Dr. Johnson derives the word from *Sainte Terre* (Fr.), the Holy Land, because in crusading times idle fellows, who loitered about asking charity, and who had no definite plans or work in view, or were unwilling to disclose them, would say they were going *à la Sainte Terre*. "The radical meaning [of *saunter*] would seem to be to trail or drag along." *Wedgwood*. Akin to Ger. *schlentern* and *schlendern*, to wander idly about, to loiter.

for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's[1] History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of the whip-poor-will *

[1] **Cotton Mather,** son of Increase Mather and grandson of John Cotton. He was born in Boston in 1663, was graduated at Harvard College in 1678, was ordained minister in Boston in 1684, and died in 1728. He has been blamed for his persecution of the supposed witches; but he sincerely believed he was serving God in "witch-hunting." He was a profound and industrious scholar. A contemporary declared that there were "hardly any books in existence with which Cotton Mather was not acquainted." His own publications number three hundred and eighty-two.

* The whip-poor-will is a bird which is heard only at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble the sound of those words.

from the hillside, the boding [1] cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," [2] floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes

[1] **Boding** (A.-S. *bod*, command; *boda*, messenger; *bodian*, to make an announcement; akin to *bid*), portending evil, menacing.

[2] **Linked sweetness.** See in Milton's *L'Allegro* the line

"Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out."

of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy![1]

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe[2] at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

[1] **Topsy-turvy** (shortened from "top side t' other way"), upside down.

[2] **Curdling awe.** Terror is poetically supposed to chill and curdle the blood.

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations,[1] yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam[2]; the tempting stomacher[3] of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

[1] **Perambulations** (*per*, through; *ambulare*, to walk), walkings about, strollings.

[2] **Saardam**, a town in Holland.

[3] **Stomacher**, the front body-piece of a lady's dress, being an ornament or support. **Withal**, along with the rest, likewise.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, — more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued[1] himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering above the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling,

[1] **Piqued**, prided or valued.

and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying[1] whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye[2] he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a

[1] **Convoying** (Fr. *convoyer*, from Lat. *con*, with; *via*, a way, route), accompanying for the purpose of protecting, as a war ship convoys merchant vessels.

[2] **Mind's eye.** "In my mind's eye, Horatio." *Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 2. So, in the next line, the expression "pudding in his belly" is from Shakespeare.

Notice the description of the Van Tassel farm. Throughout the sketch the main idea we gain of the place is expressed by the words "hearty abundance," which are used to show the farmer's own idea of his homestead.

coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky,[1] Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

[1] **Setting out for Kentucky,** etc. When this sketch was written, before the days of railroads, these States were thought to be at a very

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel[1] at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wandering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser,[2] dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey[3] just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples

great distance from New York. Ichabod plans to make the journey in an emigrant wagon. He is a striking contrast to the people of Sleepy Hollow, and would never stay long in one place. It is not hard to decide which has the greater charm for him, Katrina or the property to which she is the heiress.

[1] **Spinning wheel.** The old-fashioned spinning wheel, which once graced every farmhouse, and supplied the thread for the homespun garments, was a large wheel worked by a treadle. It gave swift motion to a spindle on which the thread or yarn was wound.

[2] **Dresser,** a table or bench on which meat and other viands are dressed or prepared for use; and on which things are arranged or placed, as *here* the vessels or dishes made of pewter.

[3] **Linsey-woolsey,** coarse cloth made of linen and wool.

and peaches, hung in gay festoons[1] along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons,[2] with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops[3]; mock oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored bird's-eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant[4] of yore, who seldom

[1] **Festoons** (Fr. *feston;* Ital. *festone*, a great wreath, garland, or chaplet of boughs, leaves, or flowers on church doors at *feasts;* from Lat. *festa*, pl. of *festum*, *festus dies*, a holiday), wreaths hanging in dependent curves.

[2] **Andirons,** brand of fire irons, upon which wood is laid in a fireplace.

[3] **Covert of asparagus tops.** In summer the fireplace is often filled with asparagus tops. **Mock oranges.** Probably the author means orange gourds. They are shaped like oranges, yellow, white, or variegated in color, and are used for ornament.

[4] **Knight-errant** (pl., *knights-errant.* From A.-S. *cnight*, boy, servant; Ger. *knecht;* Eng. *knight*, a fighting man, a soldier who fought on horseback in armor; *errant*, wandering, from Lat. *errāre*, to wander), a wandering knight. He travelled in search of adventures, for the purpose of exhibiting military skill, prowess, and generosity.

had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep,[1] where the lady of his heart was confined, — all which he achieved as easily as would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth[2] of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his hercu-

[1] **Castle keep**, the donjon of ancient castles, the stronghold to which the besieged inmates retired in cases of danger, and there made their last defence; also used as a prison for captives.

[2] **Labyrinth** (Lat. *labyrinthus*), a building or place full of intricate ways or winding passages, out of which it is difficult to find one's way.

lean[1] frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dext[illegible]s on horseback as a Tartar.[2] He was foremost at [illegible] and cockfights; and, with the ascendency wh[illegible]ly strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire[3] [illegible] disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon[4] companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting[5] fox's tail; and when

[1] **Herculean,** having the size and strength of Hercules, powerful. Hercules is perhaps the greatest hero in Greek mythology. He was famous for his great strength and the incredible feats he performed, generally called "the twelve labors of Hercules."

[2] **Tartar,** an inhabitant of Tartary, a country formerly occupying nearly all the great central belt of Asia from the Caspian Sea eastward. The Tartars were noted for their skill in horsemanship.

[3] **Umpire** (Old Fr. *nompair*, uneven, odd; from Lat. *non*, *par*, not equal, not even: an umpire being chosen by two, four, or other even number, to give his casting vote and so make a majority one way or the other), a third party to whom a dispute or disagreement is referred for settlement.

[4] **Boon** (Fr. *bon;* Lat. *bonus*, good), gay, merry, jovi[illegible].

[5] **Flaunting.** See note on *flaunted*, p. 5.

the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks[1]; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Aye, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole[2] hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all

[1] **Don Cossacks,** Cossacks of the river Don. The Cossacks are very skillful horsemen, almost always on horseback, and happy when scouring the open fields.

[2] **Rantipole** (*to rant* is to rave, swagger, make a great noise or uproar. The *pole* is said to mean in this word the plank used in the game of seesaw), harum-scarum.

other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature: he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack,[1] — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles.[2] Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His

[1] **Supple-jack,** the common name of a vine which grows in Virginia and farther south. Walking sticks, called supple-jack canes, are made of it. *Supple* is from Fr. *souple*, limber, apparently from Lat. *supplicare*, to bend the knee; possibly from Gaelic *subailt*, *supail*, flexible, supple.

[2] **Achilles,** the bravest of the Greek warriors at the siege of Troy, and distinguished for his heroic actions. See Homer's *Iliad*, Book I.

notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable [1] point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter; for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is this was not the case with the redoubtable [2] Brom

[1] **Vulnerable** (Lat. *vulnus*, a wound), capable of being wounded.

[2] **Redoubtable** (Fr. *redouter*, to dread), formidable. The word is often used, as here, with slight contempt or in burlesque.

Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor[1] of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of roughriders. They harried[2] his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the

[1] **Preceptor** (Lat. *præcipio*, to instruct), a teacher, instructor.

[2] **Harried** (Fr. *harrier*, to molest, vex; *harer*, to set on a dog to attack; some deduce it from A.-S. *hergian*, to pillage), harassed, vexed.

poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom [1] he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband [2] articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers,

[1] **Dog whom.** Is this a correct use of the relative pronoun?

[2] **Contraband** (Ital. *contrabbando*, goods prohibited by law; from Lat. *contra*, against, and Low Lat. *bannum*, an edict), forbidden.

a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury,[1] and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door, with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic,"[2] to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies[3] of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over

[1] **Mercury,** the messenger of the gods, usually employed on Jupiter's errands.

[2] **Quilting frolic** or quilting bee. A quilt was commonly made of small pieces of calico sewed together with some order and regularity. It was lined, and perhaps had a thin layer of cotton between the two surfaces, and was then stretched smooth on a frame. It was next to be quilted. This important operation was performed by a company of women invited for the purpose. Tea followed, and dancing, with games: other amusements closed the entertainment. "Now were instituted 'quilting-bees,' and 'husking-bees,' and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gayety and followed up by the dance." *History of New York*, Book VII., Chapter 2.

[3] **Embassies,** official missions, diplomatic sendings.

a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier,[1] he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric[2] old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire

[1] **Cavalier** (Fr. *chevalier*, a horseman, from *cheval*, a horse; Lat. *caballus*, a nag, pack horse), a horse soldier, armed horseman, knight.

[2] **Choleric** (Gr. χολή, bile), easily angered, irascible, prone to fits of anger. **Domiciliated,** settled in a domicile or house of abode.

and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly [1] in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day [2]; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober

[1] **Filly** (a diminutive from *foal*), a mare under three years old.

[2] The paragraphs of description, beginning "*It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day*," present an autumn scene with great vividness, accuracy, and beauty; the brilliant trees, the birds, the abundant harvest, sunset on the still Hudson.

brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro[1] cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary[2] abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On

[1] **Monteiro** (Spanish *montera*), a hunting cap.

[2] **Culinary** (Lat. *culina*, a kitchen, food), relating to the kitchen or to the art of cookery; used in the kitchen.

all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle[1] by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon

[1] **Treacle** ("From the old confection called *triacle*, which was supposed to be a sovereign remedy against poison, and was named from Middle Greek *therion*, a viper, either because it was good against the bite of vipers, or because it was supposed to be made of viper's flesh." *Wedgwood*), sugar spume, sugar syrup, molasses.

was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets[1] hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued[2] in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being

[1] **With scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets,** etc. See *History of New York*, Book III., Chapter 4.

[2] **Queued** (Fr. *queue*, a tail; Lat. *cauda*, tail), twisted or braided into a tail or pendant.

esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion, — not those of the bevy[1] of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer "oly koek,"[2] and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces,

[1] **Bevy** (Fr. *bevée*, a flock of quails, larks, etc.), a company (of ladies or girls).

[2] "**Oly koek**" (Dutch *oliekoek*, oil cake), a cake fried in lard. There are many kinds, as crullers, doughnuts, etc.

not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy,[1] pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then he thought how soon he 'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly[2] patron, and kick any itinerant[3] pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions

[1] **Higgledy-piggledy**, in confusion.

[2] **Niggardly** ("The habit of attention to minute gains in earning money is closely connected with a careful unwillingness to spend, and the primary meaning of *niggard* is one who scrapes up money by little and little." *Wedgwood*), stingy.

[3] **Itinerant** (Lat. *iter*, *itineris*, journey), travelling, in the habit of journeying from place to place.

were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room or hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus [1] himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows

[1] **St. Vitus.** He is said to have been the son of a noble Sicilian, and to have been secretly brought up in the Christian faith by his nurse. It is related that his father beat and imprisoned him, to force him to renounce his religion, but that, while in the dungeon, his father looked through the keyhole and saw him dancing with seven beautiful angels. He is sometimes assumed to be the patron saint of dancers and actors, and is invoked against the nervous disease, St. Vitus's dance.

of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins[1] be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys,[2] and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a Brit-

[1] **Flogger of urchins.** Ichabod has various names and epithets,—"the flogger of urchins," "a worthy wight," "a huge feeder," "worthy pedagogue," "the enraptured Ichabod," "a kind of thankful creature," etc. Is there any special appropriateness in each?

[2] **Cowboys,** a band of plunderers in the time of the American Revolution. They infested the "neutral ground" lying between the American and British lines, and robbed all those who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Continental Congress.

ish frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer[1] to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains,[2] being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so

[1] **Mynheer** (Ger. *mein*, my; *herr*, sir, lord). A Dutch word meaning Sir, Mr., or my lord; in English use, a Dutchman.

[2] **White Plains.** An indecisive engagement between the Americans and British took place here, October 28, 1776.

seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André [1] was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

[1] **Major André.** John André, the British agent in the affairs of Arnold's treason, was captured September 23, 1780, by three militiamen, who refused the large bribes he offered for his release, and delivered him up to the military authorities. He was hanged as a spy, and his body was buried under the gallows at Tappan, near the Hudson River; but in 1821 his remains were delivered to the English, on petition of the Duke of York, and were placed in a grave near a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The sequestered[1] situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray[2] into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and

[1] **Sequestered** (Lat. *sequestrare*, to seclude), secluded.

[2] **Foray** (Lat. *foris*, externally, beyond boundaries? or French *fourrager*, to fodder, forage, ravage; A.-S. *foder*, food?), a hostile, military incursion, especially in border warfare.

swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow,[1] but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels

[1] **Beat the goblin horse all hollow.** *All hollow*, meaning *completely*, is colloquial and inelegant.

mounted on pillions[1] behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away, — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête[2] with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. O these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains

[1] **Pillions** (Gaelic *peall*, a coverlet, skin, or mat; *pillean*, a pad or pack saddle). A *pillion* is a cushion for a woman to ride on behind another person on the same horse.

[2] **Tête-à-tête** (Fr., from the rare Lat. *testa*, head, and meaning literally *head to head*), a face-to-face conference, a cozy interview, a familiar conversation.

of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy[1] and clover.

It was the very witching-time of night[2] that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural[3] twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his

[1] **Timothy.** The common name of herd's grass, said to be derived from one Timothy Hanson, who carried it to England from America about 1780.

[2] **The very witching-time of night.** *Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 2, l. 406.

[3] **Guttural** (Lat. *guttur*, throat), formed in the throat: spoken of a sound made with a peculiar rough, croaking, gurgling, or grunting noise in the throat.

recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred[1] namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had

[1] **Ill-starred,** under the influence of unlucky stars, unfortunate. The word is a sort of relic of the old belief that the stars, visible or high in the sky at the time of a person's birth, determined his destiny.

been scathed[1] by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan; his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle — it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen[2] concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made

[1] **Scathed** (A.-S. *sceatha*, damage, hurt; *scethan*, to harm), injured, damaged with suddenness and violence. Pronunciation?

[2] **Yeomen** (Gothic *gavi*; Ger. *gau*; Frisian *gao*, a country district, rural place), dwellers in the country (rather than the city).

a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain. His steed started, it is true; but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling[1] ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor

[1] **Starveling**, hungry, lean, meagre, thin, wasted from lack of nutriment.

into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind: the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.[1] There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on

[1] **Stave** (akin to *staff;* Icelandic *steff*, strophe), a verse in psalm-singing, or so much of a hymn as is given out at once by the precentor to be sung by the congregation; a staff or metrical portion of a tune.

perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin[1] story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when

[1] **Goblin** (Fr. *gobelin*, a hobgoblin), a supernatural being, misshapen, hideous, monstrous.

the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and — unskilful rider that he was! — he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge,"[1] thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him: he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side: and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head at him.

[1] **If I can but reach that bridge,** etc. See Burns's *Tam O'Shanter* for an illustration of the superstitious notion that witches cannot cross the middle of a stream.

Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash : he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found, without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner-hour came; but no Ichabod ! The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook ; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor[1] of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or

[1] **Executor.** The person appointed by the maker of a will to see that it is carried into effect. What is an administrator?

two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy [1] small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm-tunes full of dog's-ears,[2] and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community; excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap [3] much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed — and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before — he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when

[1] **Corduroy** (Fr. *corde-du-roi*, cord of the king), a thick ribbed cotton-cloth used for pantaloons, gaiters, etc.

[2] **Dog's-ears,** the turned-down corners of the leaves in a book.

[3] **Foolscap.** A *fool's cap* was a pointed cap once worn by professional jesters, court fools, or circus clowns. The figure of this cap was formerly used as the water-mark of the writing-paper now known as foolscap.

they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him: the school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-pound Court.[1] Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best

[1] **Ten-pound Court**, an inferior court having jurisdiction in cases involving not over ten pounds.

judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away[1] by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story, often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

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## POSTSCRIPT.[2]

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE preceding tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes,[3] at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious

[1] **Spirited away,** carried away swiftly and secretly, as if by a spirit.

[2] **Postscript** (Lat. *post*, after, and *scriptum*, written), a sentence or passage added to a letter, and signed by the writer; any addition made to a book or composition after it had been supposed to be finished.

[3] **City of Manhattoes,** New York. See *History of New York*, Book II., Chapter 6.

burghers.[1] The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, — he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather a severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds, — when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and, sticking the other akimbo,[2] demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of

[1] **Burghers,** burgesses or freemen of a burgh or borough, citizens. "*Borough* is a word spread over all the Teutonic and Romance languages. . . . The origin seems to be the Gothic *bairgan*, A.-S. *beorgan*, to protect, keep, preserve. . . . The primitive idea seems to bring under cover." *Wedgwood.*

[2] **Akimbo,** with hands resting on the hips and the elbows turned outwards.

infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove: —

"That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures, — provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

"That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

"Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state."

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination[1] of the syllogism[2]: while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer.[3] At length he observed that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant, — there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

"Faith, sir," replied the story-teller, "as to that matter, I don't believe one-half of it myself."

[1] **Ratiocination** (Lat. *ratiocinatio*, reasoning), the act or process of reasoning, or of deducing consequences from premises.

[2] **Syllogism** (Gr. and Lat.), a form of reasoning or argument consisting of three propositions, of which the first two are called the premises, and the last the conclusion; if the two first propositions are true, the conclusion necessarily follows.

[3] **Leer** (Icelandic *hlöra*, *hlera*, to listen; whence comes the notion of looking in a sly or covert way; Dutch *loeren*), a sidewise look with archness, smirking, affectation, or implied solicitation. The word usually bears an unfavorable sense.

## SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

What is the general character of this sketch, — pathetic? didactic? humorous?

Where is Sleepy Hollow? Describe it.

Who is the hero of this sketch? the heroine?

Name all the characters, and connect with each appropriate qualifying words or phrases.

Of what are there descriptions in this sketch? Persons, scenes, animals, buildings? Of what else?

Select one description of each kind. Reproduce one of the selections in fresh words.

What are some of the most prominent traits in Ichabod's character?

Name, and describe briefly, the horses in this sketch.

Make four short quotations, each complete in itself.

Select several of the most humorous passages.

Write a composition on "School in Sleepy Hollow."

When is Ichabod Crane most ludicrous?

What does Ichabod do when he is very much frightened?

How were the guests entertained at the "quilting frolic"?

Commit to memory the most beautiful description in the piece.

Describe the Headless Horseman as Ichabod saw him. Explain the mystery of his appearance to Ichabod.

Who settled Ichabod's estate? What property had he?

What accounts of Ichabod were brought from New York?

What did the "old country wives" maintain?

Analyze the last sentence in the piece.

Select any sentence that pleases you, and give the meaning of it in different words, making an equivalent sentence. Make six such equivalent sentences, each of which shall mean exactly the same as the following: "There is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures, — provided we will but take a joke as we find it."

This practice of constructing equivalent sentences is always entertaining, and one of the most profitable of language lessons.

## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

"Pittie old age, within whose silver haires
Honour and reverence evermore have rain'd."

MARLOWE'S *Tamburlaine.*[1]

THOSE who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking[2] of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the plowman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor, are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."[3]

[1] **Marlowe's Tamburlaine.** Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593) had perhaps the most dramatic genius of all of Shakespeare's contemporaries. *Tamburlaine the Great* is one of his tragedies.

[2] **Clacking.** Chaucer says, "Aye clappeth as a mill."

[3] "**Sweet day,** so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die."

From a poem called "Vertue," by George Herbert (1593–1633).

Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

During my recent residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy aristocratic neighborhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary, and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity[1] and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit[2] old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her

[1] **Frigidity** (Lat. *frigus*, cold), coldness.

[2] **Decrepit** (Lat. *de*, from, and *crepāre*, to make a noise; whence Lat. *decrepitus*, without noise. Spoken of old age or old people), worn out, infirm from age.

dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning[1] her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir!

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees[2] which seemed almost coeval[3] with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-

[1] **Conning** (A.-S. *cunnan*, to know; *ken*, to perceive by the sense of sight, observe), studying, poring over.

[2] **Yew trees**, evergreen trees common in English churchyards.

[3] **Coeval** (Lat. *con*, with, and *ævum*, age), of the same age.

yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies [1] of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners [2] in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased, — the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity.

[1] **Obsequies** (Lat. *obsequi*, to follow), funeral rites. This word is rarely used in the singular number.

[2] **Mock mourners**, etc. Perhaps the author has in mind the English custom of hiring mourners or "mutes" to stand before the house of a dead person, and to precede the bier in a funeral procession.

The deceased had been destitute, and the sur ivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service — that sublime and touching ceremony — turned into such a frigid mummery[1] of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased, — "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of her lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie.[2] She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the

[1] **Mummery** (a mummer is originally a masker), a hypocritical disguise or parade. [2] **Reverie.** See note on *reveries*, p. 3.

arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: "Nay, now — nay, now — don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more — my heart swelled into my throat — my eyes filled with tears — I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? they have friends to soothe — pleasures to beguile — a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound — their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure — their green and ductile[1] affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who

[1] **Ductile** (Lat. *ducĕre*, to lead), easy to be led, pliant. The affections are like shoots or tendrils of a vine.

have no outward appliances to soothe — the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy — the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years, — these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter : she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "O, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, — for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good-man's[1]; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

[1] **Good-man,** "a familiar yet respectful appellation of a husband."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft [1] that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang,[2] and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.[3] Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out,

[1] **Small craft,** small vessels of various kinds ; as sloops, schooners, etc.

[2] **Press-gang,** a detachment of seamen under the command of an officer, who had power in time of war to seize men and force them to enter the British naval service.

[3] **Came upon the parish,** became dependent upon public charity. *To go on the parish* in England is to become chargeable, as a pauper, to the parochial poor-rate.

and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "O, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet[1] on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk, — he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attend-

[1] **Pallet** (Lat. *palea*, chaff; Fr. *paille*, straw), a humble bed of straw or chaff.

ant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood,"[1] that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness,[2] nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching

[1] Notice the beautiful tribute to a mother's love.

[2] Notice the alliteration.

him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes [1] show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments,[2] the stately hatchments,[3] the cold marble pomp, with which

[1] **Passes,** surpasses, exceeds, goes beyond.

[2] **Storied monuments,** monuments on which are inscribed some accounts of the brave deeds or the noble lives of those in memory of whom they are erected.

[3] **Hatchments.** In heraldry, a hatchment is the coat of arms of a person dead; by it, his rank may be known. More specifically, "A

grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all!

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

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SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

What is the general character of this sketch? humorous? pathetic? narrative?

Where is the scene laid? Quote to prove the correctness of your answer.

What is the author's description of the church and the congregation? Give it in your own language.

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hatchment (corrupted from *achievement*) is an armorial escutcheon [or frame bearing such escutcheon], lozenge-shaped, suspended in front of a house, in a church, or on the hearse at funerals, to mark the decease of a member of the family. . . . From the form and accompaniments of the field, and the color of the ground of the hatchment, the sex, position, and rank of the deceased may be known." *Zell's Encyclopædia.*

Of whom does he speak particularly? Why?

Describe the funeral in your own words.

What funeral service was read? Evidence of the correctness of your answer?

Why is the sorrow of the poor woman very great?

Tell in fresh words all that is related of George Somers.

Commit to memory, "When I looked round upon the storied monuments," etc., to the end of the paragraph.

Select some of the most pathetic passages and expressions.

Are the words used in this sketch, generally speaking, short or long, common or uncommon?

Select all the words that are at all uncommon, and all the long words, and make an answer to the previous question from your own knowledge of words, and by means of your own judgment.

Is there simplicity or complexity in the story? Are the incidents multiplied and complex, or few and simple? Are they extraordinary, or do they relate to the common life of poor people? Can you give any reason why the story is so touching? Does the author seem to feel what he says? Would this have any effect on his writing?

Give the substance of the last paragraph of the sketch. Give in your own words an equivalent for each sentence in this paragraph, being careful to get in all the ideas and no more.

Find synonymous words (i.e., words having the same or nearly the same meaning) for the following: serenity, frigidity, awarded, survived, inscribed, quitting. Point out any difference that may exist in the meaning or use of the equivalent words.

# RIP VAN WINKLE.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But, however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New Year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

## RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS[1] WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

"By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke[2] day in which I creep into
My sepulchre."

CARTWRIGHT.[3]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill[4] Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their

[1] **Posthumous** (Lat. *post*, after, *posterus*, later, *postumus* or *posthumus*, latest, last), born after the death of a father; published after the death of an author; coming after one's death.

[2] **Thylke** (Old Eng. compound of *thus* and *like*), that same.

[3] **Cartwright.** William Cartwright (1611–1643) studied sixteen hours a day, wrote plays and lyrics, preached able sermons, and gave excellent lectures at Oxford on metaphysics.

[4] **Kaatskill,** usually written Catskill.

summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant,[1] (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man;

[1] **Peter Stuyvesant,** the fourth and last, as well as the ablest and most noted, governor of New Netherlands, afterwards New York. He conquered the Swedes on the Delaware. Their settlement, near the present site of Wilmington, was called Fort Christina.

he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious[1] and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews[2] at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable[3] in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture[4] is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant[5] wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them

[1] **Obsequious,** meanly conciliatory and submissive.

[2] **Shrews,** scolding, vixenish, vexatious women.

[3] **Malleable** (Lat. *malleus*, a hammer), capable of being hammered into plates, or beaten into any desired shape.

[4] **Curtain lecture,** a scolding administered by a wife to her husband after they have gone to bed.

[5] **Termagant** (or *Tervagant*, one of the supposed deities of the Saracens, who was represented in our old dramas as a most boisterous and violent character), tumultuous, boisterous, furious, violently quarrelsome and scolding.

long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's[1] lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent[2] little piece of ground

[1] **Tartar's.** See note on Tartar, p. 58.

[2] **Pestilent,** troublesome, plaguing.

in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin[1] begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,[2] which he had much ado[3] to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to

[1] **Urchin.** See note on this word, p. 44.

[2] **Galligaskins,** large open hose, or loose wide breeches, formerly used by the inhabitants of Gascony in France. (This word is not now used, except in humorous language. It is said to be a corruption of the French word *Greguesqu*, Greek; Lat. *græcus*.)

[3] **Ado** (said to be from *a* and *do;* like the French *à*, to [from Lat. *ad*, to], and *faire*, to do), trouble.

himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund[1] portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper,[2] learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto[3] were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took

[1] **Rubicund,** reddish.

[2] **Dapper,** smart, little and active, neat and quick.

[3] **Junto** (Lat. *junctus*, joined? Span. *junta;* Ital. *giunto*), a cabal; a faction; a band of men secretly joined together for partisan or political purposes.

his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds ; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago,[1] who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would some-

[1] **Virago** (Lat. *virago*, a manlike or heroic maiden; from *vir*, a man, from *virēre*, to be green or vigorous), a female warrior.

times seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending[1] cliffs, and

[1] **Impending** (Lat. *in*, upon, and *pendēre*, to hang), overhanging, threatening.

scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair,

and a grizzled[1] beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin[2] strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully,[3] apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre,[4] surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot

[1] **Grizzled** (Gr. *graus*, an old woman; Fr. *gris*, gray; Eng. *grizzled*, having the appearance of being powdered), of mixed black and white, gray.

[2] **Jerkin** (Languedoc *jhergaou*, an overcoat; Fr. *jargot*, a coarse overgarment in the country; Dutch *jurk*, a child's pinafore, a frock), a jacket, a short body coat, waistcoat.

[3] **Gully** (Fr. *goulet*, neck of a bottle, gullet), a gulch or channel worn in the earth by running water.

[4] **Amphitheatre** (Gr. ἀμφί, *amphi*, about, around, and θέατρον, *theatron*, a place for seeing, a playhouse, a theatre), a building of an oval or elliptical form for beholding games, combats, and other spectacles.

their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets,[1] others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger,[2] high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with

[1] **Doublets** (Lat. *duo*, two, and *plico*, I fold; or *duo*, two, and *pleo*, I fill; *duplus*, twofold, or twice filled; Fr. *doubler*, to double; *doublé*, doubled), originally a wadded garment for defence; a close-fitting coat with skirts reaching a little below the girdle.

[2] **Hanger,** a short broadsword, suspended at the side.

roses[1] in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lacklustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands.[2] He was naturally a

[1] **Roses.** As used here, this word means ornamental ties or knots of ribbon in the form of roses.

[2] **Hollands,** gin made in Holland.

thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon[1] so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes, — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock[2] lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters[3] of the mountain had

[1] **Flagon** (Fr. *flacon*, a bottle; from rare Lat. *flasconem*), a bottle with narrow mouth used for holding and conveying liquors.

[2] **Firelock,** a sort of musket or gun in which the powder was fired by a spark from a flint and steel.

[3] **Roysters** (or *roisters;* Gaelic *riastair*, become disorderly; Platt Deutsch *rastern*, to clatter), loud-voiced or rollicking fellows, jolly blades.

put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain ; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with [illegible]bling murmurs. He, however, made shift[1] to [illegible] its sides, working [illegible] birch, sas[illegible] up or[illegible] their[illegible] kin[illegible]

t[illegible]

bling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every [illegible] in the country round. Their dress, too, was [illegible] fashion from that to which he was accus- [illegible] him with equal marks of [illegible] upon him, [illegible] recur- [illegible] do [illegible] his

barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been; Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled[1] my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears, — he called

[1] **Addled** (A.-S., *ydel*, idle, barren? Originally spoken of spoiled eggs?), turned to decay, spoiled.

loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole,[1] with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed.[2] The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door,

[1] **A tall naked pole,** etc., a flag-pole, or "liberty-pole," on which was a red cap. In ancient times, when a slave was freed, what was called the Phrygian cap (a bonnet rouge) was put upon the head in token of freedom; "the cap with which the Roman master crowned his slave, when he took off the gyves." The red cap worn by French revolutionists is by them cherished as a symbol of liberty.

[2] **Metamorphosed** (Gr. *μετά*, *meta*, implying change; *μορφή*, *morphe*, form), transformed.

but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm [1] and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish [2] jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on

[1] **Phlegm** (Gr. φλέγμα, *flame*, inflammation; mucus resulting from inflammation. This phlegm was regarded as one of the primary humors of the body, and these humors were supposed to determine the temper and disposition of the person), dullness, sluggishness, apathy.

[2] **Babylonish,** pertaining to Babylon, which stood, it is supposed, on the spot where the tower of Babel was built; like the language of Babel; confused.

tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat."[1] Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,[2] the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory![3] a tory! a spy! a refugee![4] hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man

[1] **Federal or Democrat.** Federal was applied to the party friendly to the Constitution of the United States at the time of its adoption; Anti-federal, or Democrat, was applied to those opposing it. These parties differed in regard to both the foreign and domestic policy of the country; the Democrats were accused of partiality for France, and the Federalists, of partiality for Great Britain.

[2] **Akimbo.** See note on this word, p. 90.

[3] **Tory,** a royalist; one who in the American Revolution upheld the claims of the crown, and opposed the party of freedom.

[4] **Refugee,** one who flees for shelter or protection.

humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"O, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point[1]; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.[2] I don't know; he never came back again."

[1] **Stony Point**, a rocky promontory on the Hudson. During the Revolutionary War a fort on it was taken by the British, June 1, 1779, and stormed and recaptured by General Anthony Wayne, July 15.

[2] **Antony's Nose**, a rocky promontory on the Hudson. "It must be known then that the nose of Antony the Trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a high bluff on the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass; the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing-hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon. When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — congress — Stony Point; — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"O, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "O, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the moun-

fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood." *History of New York*, Book VI., Chapter 4.

tain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since: his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she

broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recol-

lected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson,[1] the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred mak-

[1] **Hendrick Hudson.** See note on p. 38. His vessel was called The Half-moon.

ing friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently

awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

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## NOTE.

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphaüser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity: —

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no con-

scientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject, taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

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## POSTSCRIPT.

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum book of Mr. Knickerbocker: —

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds as black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering

vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the garden rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it; but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

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## SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

What is the general character of this sketch?

What is a barometer? How is the word applied in the first paragraph?

Explain the sentence, "The blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape." Find a similar passage in the first paragraph of *The Widow and her Son*. Compare the two descriptions.

What is the force of the word *profitable* in the expression "an insuperable aversion to all kinds of *profitable labor*"? Is labor usually profitable? Was Rip's labor profitable? Why? or why not?

What was the condition of Rip's farm?

Why is it called his *patrimonial* estate?

What is meant by a "torrent of household eloquence"?

"A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." To whom does this apply? What is the force of the word *mellows*?

How did Rip escape from labor and his wife's tongue?

Describe the dog, Wolf.

Describe the stranger whom Rip met on the mountain.

Who composed "the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed"? What contradiction does there seem to be in this expression? What is a paradox?

What effect did the liquor have on Rip? Narrate the story till he reaches the village.

What changes does he perceive in the village?

What is going on in the village?

What is the result of his inquiries for his old companions?

What causes the greatest confusion in Rip's mind?

How many in the company are named Rip?

What comforting news does Judith, his daughter, tell him?

How is the whole mystery cleared away?

Who corroborates the story? Why is he authority?

How did Rip pass the rest of his life?

Select two or three humorous sentences or expressions, and state why they are at all funny.

Commit to memory the first paragraph of this sketch.

Turn the last paragraph into sentences, each of which shall be exactly equivalent in meaning to the corresponding original sentence.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Saint Francis[1] and Saint Benedight
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the nightmare and the goblin,
That is hight[2] good fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
From curfew[3] time
To the next prime."

CARTWRIGHT.[4]

IT was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the postboy[5] smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop.

[1] **Saint Francis** (1182–1226), founder of the order of Franciscan Friars. **Saint Benedight** (about 480–543), founder of the order of Benedictine Monks.

[2] **Hight**, called. **Good fellow Robin**, Robin Good-fellow, Puck, a celebrated fairy, the "merry wanderer of the night," who figures largely in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in many stories of which the scene is laid in England, Germany, and Northern Europe.

[3] **Curfew** (Fr. *couvrir*, to cover; *feu*, fire). The curfew (cover-fire) was the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock at night as a signal to the inhabitants to put out fires and retire to rest. This custom, which was established in the reign of William the Conqueror (who reigned 1066–1087), is still retained in some of the country districts in England.

[4] **Cartwright.** See note, p. 107.

[5] **Postboy** (Lat. *posta*, *posita*, placed, a station where relays of horses are kept for carrying the mails, etc.), a boy that drives a post chaise; that is, a carriage for conveying travellers or letters from one station to another.

"He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted[1] devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, — the old English country gentleman; for our men of fortune spend so much of their time in town, and fashion is carried so much into the country, that the strong rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are almost polished away. My father, however, from early years, took honest Peacham[2] for his text-book, instead of Chesterfield: he determined in his own mind, that there was no condition more truly honorable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed, his favorite range of reading is among the authors who

[1] **Bigoted,** unreasonably attached to a particular opinion and blind to all argument to the contrary. **Devotee** (Lat. *devovēre*, *devotāre*, to dedicate to the deity), one who is wholly devoted to certain duties, studies, and ceremonies. **Old school,** a school or party belonging to a former time; a sect, or body of followers, having the character and opinions of old time.

[2] **Peacham,** Henry Peacham of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of *The Complete Gentleman*, 1622. **Chesterfield.** Lord Chesterfield (1694–1773), as a literary man, is best known by his *Letters to his Son*, which treat of manners and politeness.

flourished at least two centuries since ; who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors. He even regrets sometimes that he had not been born a few centuries earlier, when England was itself, and had its peculiar manners and customs. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the bent of his own humor without molestation. Being representative of the oldest family in the neighborhood, and a great part of the peasantry being his tenants, he is much looked up to, and, in general, is known simply by the appellation of 'the Squire,' a title which has been accorded to the head of the family since time immemorial.[1] I think it best to give you these hints about my worthy old father, to prepare you for any eccentricities that might otherwise appear absurd."

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy, magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which re-

[1] **Time immemorial,** time whose beginning is not remembered, or cannot be ascertained ; time beyond memory.

sounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief[1] and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moon-beams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport.

[1] **Kerchief** (Fr. *couvrechef*, covering for the head, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, or *chief*, the head), a cover for the head, headdress. **Stomacher.** See note, p. 51.

"How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form, and consulted old books for precedent[1] and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry[2] so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree,"[3] that, disturbed

[1] **Precĕdent** (Fr. *précéder*, to go before; Lat. *præ*, before, and *cedĕre*, to give ground, go), a preceding case which serves as a rule or authority for the disposal of subsequent cases of a similar kind. As an adjective, the word is pronounced precēdent, and means going before. How accented?

[2] **Pedantry** (Gr. παιδαγωγός, *paedagōgus*, a leader or teacher of children; Ital. *pedante*, a schoolmaster; Fr. *pédanterie*), a boastful display of learning, an ostentatious and unsuitable parade of knowledge.

[3] **Mongrel, puppy,** etc. From Goldsmith's *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, published in 1766.

by the ring of the porter's bell and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

"'The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!'"[1]

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing[2] was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's[3] time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors, who returned with that monarch at the Restoration.[4] The grounds about the house were laid out in the old formal manner of artificial flower beds, clipped shrubberies,[5] raised terraces,

[1] **The little dogs,** etc. Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Act III., Sc. 6, l. 66, 67.

[2] **Wing,** an adjoining side building, less than the main edifice.

[3] **Charles II.** reigned from 1660 to 1685.

[4] **Restoration,** the return of Charles II. in 1660, and the reëstablishment of the monarchy in England.

[5] **Clipped shrubberies,** garden trees and plants trimmed to a uniform height, and to a fixed shape.

and heavy stone balustrades,[1] ornamented with urns, a leaden statue or two, and a jet of water. The old gentleman, I was told, was extremely careful to preserve this obsolete finery in all its original state. He admired this fashion in gardening ; it had an air of magnificence, was courtly and noble, and befitting good old family style. The boasted imitation of nature in modern gardening had sprung up with modern republican notions, but did not suit a monarchical government ; it smacked of the levelling system. I could not help smiling at this introduction of politics into gardening, though I expressed some apprehension that I should find the old gentleman rather intolerant in his creed. Frank assured me, however, that it was almost the only instance in which he had ever heard his father meddle with politics ; and he believed that he had got this notion from a member of parliament who once passed a few weeks with him. The squire was glad of any argument to defend his clipped yew trees and formal terraces, which had been occasionally attacked by modern landscape gardeners.[2]

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of rev-

[1] **Balustrades** (Fr. *balustres*, little round short pillars in rows on the outside of terraces, galleries, etc.), ranges of small columns, topped by a rail, on parapets, on the margin of stairs, before windows, or to enclose balconies, etc.

[2] **Landscape gardeners**, men who lay out grounds so as to produce the effect of natural landscape.

elry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas,[1] provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind,[2] shoe the wild mare, hot cockles,[3] steal the white loaf, bob-apple, and snapdragon[4]; the Yule[5] clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe,[6] with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.*

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons: one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian,[7] just from the university. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old

[1] **Twelve days of Christmas,** from December 25th to January 6th, which last is called Twelfth-day, or Epiphany.

[2] **Hoodman blind;** same as blindman's buff.

[3] **Hot cockles,** a game in which one covers his eyes and guesses who strikes him.

[4] **Snapdragon,** a Christmas sport in which raisins and sweetmeats are snatched from a bowl of blazing brandy.

[5] **Yule** (Icel. *jól*, feast; Welsh *gwyll*), the name of the Christmas festival among the Gothic races. See note, p. 146.

[6] **Mistletoe,** a parasitic plant, found growing on many trees. The mistletoe of the oak was an object of superstitious veneration among the Druids, and was used in their religious rites.

[7] **Oxonian,** a student or graduate of the University of Oxford, England.

* The mistletoe is still hung up in farmhouses and kitchens at Christmas, and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases.

gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance; in which the physiognomist,[1] with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortably married dames, superannuated[2] spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens.[3] They were variously occupied: some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor,

[1] **Physiognomist** (Gr. *φυσιογνώμων*, *physiognōmon*, judging of nature, from *φύσις*, *physis*, nature, and *γνώμων*, *gnōmon*, one who knows), one who is able to judge of the temper and character by outward appearance, especially by the features of the face or physiognomy (i.e., features, outward look).

[2] **Superannuated** (Lat. *super*, over; *annus*, year), impaired or disqualified by old age. **Spinster,** an unmarried woman of middle age or older. The termination *-ster* is feminine. The word *spinster* points to a time when almost every household had its spinning wheel.

[3] **Hoydens** (or *hoidens;* Kilian and Wedgwood make it another form of *heathen*, Dutch *heyden*, a rude boorish rustic), wild, romping girls.

showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavored to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers[1] were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs: and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat. This I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.*

[1] **Antlers** (Fr. *andouillers*, the branches of a stag's horns, perhaps from Lat. *ante*, before, in front), a stag's projecting horns.

* The *Yule clog* is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas eve, laid in

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary[1] elbowchair, by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation[2] from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many min-

the fireplace, and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. While it lasted, there was great drinking, singing, and telling of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles; but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy blaze of the great wood-fire. The Yule clog was to burn all night; if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill luck.

Herrick mentions it in one of his songs:—

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring."

The Yule clog is still burnt in many farmhouses and kitchens in England, particularly in the North, and there are several superstitions connected with it among the peasantry. If a squinting person come to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill omen. The brand remaining from the Yule clog is carefully put away to light the next year's Christmas fire.

[1] **Hereditary** (Lat. *hæres*, an heir), inherited, descended or transmitted from an ancestor or parent.

[2] **Emanation** (Lat. *ex* or *e*, out, and *manāre*, to flow), that which proceeds or issues forth.

utes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier,[1] before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels[2] of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly[3] and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished buffet[4] among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty,[5] a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox,[6] and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection,[7] I greeted him with all the warmth

[1] **Cavalier.** See note on *Knight-errant*, p. 56.

[2] **Panels,** spaces in walls, ceilings, doors, etc., enclosed by mouldings or raised framework, and filled in with thinned parts.

[3] **Holly,** an ornamental shrub, five to ten feet high, with rich, glossy, evergreen foliage, and beautiful coral-like berries.

[4] **Buffet** (Fr. *buffet*), a cupboard or set of shelves for wine, glass, china, etc. It was formerly erected on one side of a room; but a sideboard is now substituted for it.

[5] **Frumenty** (Fr. *frumentée*, a kind of wheat gruel; from Lat. *frumentum*, wheat), food made of wheat boiled in milk, and sweetened and spiced.

[6] **Orthodox** (Gr. ὀρθός, *orthos*, right, straight; and δόξα, *doxa*, opinion, doctrine), sound in opinion or doctrine; made in the right way according to the author's taste.

[7] **Predilection** (Lat. *præ*, before, and *dilectio*, choice), a preference or liking beforehand; partiality.

wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight, brisk little man, with the air of an arrant[1] old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the smallpox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendoes[2] with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harpings upon old themes; which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance. I could not wonder at it, for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy;[3] make an old woman of his hand,

[1] **Arrant** (akin to *arch*, sly, roguish), pre-eminent in badness.

[2] **Innuendo** (Lat. *in*, unto, and *nuĕre*, to nod), an indirect allusion; a remote intimation, hint, or reference to a person or thing not named.

[3] **Punch and Judy**, a famous puppet show. In it the characters, the principal of which are Punch, his wife Judy, and his dog Toby, are

with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature, that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which, by careful management, was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit; sometimes visiting one branch, and sometimes another quite remote, — as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connections and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favorite with the old folks; he was the beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow, and he was master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become

made to act upon a platform, behind which the concealed performer moves the figures, and by the aid of ventriloquism makes them appear to talk.

a factotum,[1] and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humor in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent, for no sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto,[2] like the notes of a split reed, he quavered[3] forth a quaint old ditty.

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather," etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming[4] all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on,

[1] **Factotum** (Lat. *facere*, to do, and *totus*, all), a person employed to do all kinds of work, colloquially termed "a Jack at all trades."

[2] **Falsetto** (Ital. *falsetto*, false treble; Lat. *falsa*, false), that part of one's voice which lies above its natural compass.

[3] **Quavered,** uttered tremulously. **Reed,** a thin tongue of wood or metal whose vibration causes the sound of certain wind instruments.

[4] **Strumming,** playing carelessly, and so poorly, on a stringed instrument.

I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be withal a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself[1] on his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigadoon,[2] and other graces of the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding school, who, by her wild vivacity, kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance: — such are the ill-assorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all madcap youngsters, he was a universal favorite among the women. The

[1] **Piqued himself**, prided himself. See p. 52.

[2] **Rigadoon** (Fr. *rigaudon*, from *ric-din-don*, the refrain of a drinking song), a gay, brisk dance, like a jig or reel, performed by one couple.

most interesting couple in the dance was the young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and, indeed, the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the continent: he could talk French and Italian, draw landscapes, sing very tolerably, dance divinely, but above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo.[1] What girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection?

The moment the dance was over he caught up a guitar, and, lolling against the old marble fireplace, in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour. The squire, however, exclaimed against having anything on Christmas eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eye for a moment, as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and, with a charming air of gallantry, gave Herrick's[2] "Night-Piece to Julia."

[1] **Waterloo**, a village of Belgium, ten miles from Brussels. In the great battle fought here, June 18, 1815, the French under Napoleon Bonaparte were terribly defeated by the Allies under Wellington and Blücher.

[2] **Herrick** (Robert Herrick, 1591–1674), an English poet and divine, whose songs possess great sweetness.

"Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

"No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

"Then let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

"Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I 'll pour into thee."

The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; she, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that was doubtless caused by the exercise of the dance; indeed so great was her indifference, that she amused herself with picking to pieces a choice bouquet of hothouse flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nosegay lay in ruins on the floor.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad,"[1] I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous[2] furniture of which might have been fabricated[3] in the days of the giants. The room was panelled, with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled; and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich though faded damask,[4] with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed

[1] **No spirit dares,** etc.

> "Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our *Saviour's birth* is *celebrated*,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, *no spirit dares stir abroad;*
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."
>
> SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 1.

[2] **Ponderous** (Lat. *pondus*, weight, heaviness), very heavy, weighty.

[3] **Fabricated** (Lat. *faber*, artificer; *fabricāre*, to frame, build), framed, constructed, built, manufactured.

[4] **Damask** (named from *Damascus*). **Tester** (Old Fr. *teste*, the head), the top covering or canopy of a bed, consisting of some kind of cloth supported by the bedstead.

to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement,[1] partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial,[2] and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened: they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

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SUGGESTIONS OF TOPICS OF INQUIRY.

What kind of sketch is this? What seems to be its purpose or design?
Name the persons described in it.
State their relation to each other.
Reproduce Frank Bracebridge's description of his father.
What time of year does the sketch describe?
What is the "Yule clog"?
Who is the most entertaining person in the company?
Make a pen portrait of him.
Why does he particularly please the squire?
Give some account of the dancing.
When is Christmas eve?
Select what you think to be the finest paragraph in it, and turn each sentence into an exact English equivalent.

[1] **Casement**, a window case, or window frame; a glazed frame or sash opening on hinges.

[2] **Aerial** (Lat. *aer*, air), belonging to the air; produced up in the air; seemingly above the earth.

# A METHOD OF CLASS EXERCISES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

EVERY good teacher will have methods and devices of his own for leading his pupils to appreciate an author and admire what is admirable. The following suggestions, or some of them, may be helpful: —

1. At the beginning of the daily exercise, or as often as need be, require a statement of —

   (*a*) The main object of the author in the whole poem, oration, play, or other production of which to-day's lesson is a part.

   (*b*) The object of the author in this particular canto, chapter, act, or other division of the main work.

2. Read or recite from memory (or have the pupils do it) the finest part or parts of the last lesson. The elocutionary talent of the class should be utilized here, so that the author may appear at his best.

3. Require at times (often enough to keep the whole fresh in memory) a *résumé* of the "argument," story, or succession of topics, up to the present lesson.

4. Let the student read aloud the sentence, paragraph, or lines, now (or previously) assigned. The appointed portion should have some unity.

5. If the passage is fine, let the student interpret exactly the meaning by substituting his own words; explain peculiarities. This paraphrase should often be in writing.

6. Immediate object of the author in these lines? Is this object relevant? important? appropriate in *this* place?

7. Ingredients (particular thoughts) that make up the passage? Are they in good taste? just? natural? well arranged? sufficient? superfluous?

8. Point out other merits or defects, — anything noteworthy as regards nobleness of principle or sentiment, grace, delicacy, beauty, rhythm, sublimity, wit, wisdom, humor, *naïveté*, kindness, pathos, energy, concentrated truth, logical force, originality, allusions, kindred passages, principles illustrated, etc.

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